

Brooks Shelton

"Gangsta Vocabulary"

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(This record you're about to hear..)
(The Original Gangster of Hip-Hop)
(Cause I'm a gangster, and you're not
You're a sucker, and I rock
Wind it up) --> Just-Ice

[VERSE 1: Threat]

Fresh out my khaki fatigues
All you B.G.'s, you little leagues
??? run deep down in my genetic code, my DNA,
frequent
Travellin, goin in and out, a juvenile delinquent
Meat-colored so you know I got a heart
Automatically, but I made it far
In the game, fame, fortune, get an abortion
You niggas want beef, I feed it to you raw in tiny, small
portions
The lyrical composition has been composed by and
written
Spitten, created for the part of use only if it's hard-
hittin
West Coast section comin through droppin bombs from
all directions
Primary candidate assassinated at the '96 elections
I told you before, the war, settle the score
With heavy metal, the rebel
Takin off like the Space Shuttle
Makin MC's smash on the gas pedal
Maintain, hold it down, claim the victory over the
golden crown
Crowd around and history explains the names
of those that fell off the sound
Overload the circummode, malfunction in the mic's
membrane
Radioactivity cause electricity in the cloud to make it
rain
And have you wet, dripping, flipping, slipping
In the West slopes, Zoo Tribe representing

[CHORUS: Tray Deee]

Flipping through my dictionary

This is what we label as Gangsta
(Vo-Vo-)Vocabulary (3x)

[VERSE 2: Threat]

I prefer to take trips, circle the atmosphere and make
chips
Then sit back, gangbang on you niggas with major
clips
Championships mostly, put Hennessy to my lips costly
As we announce the new grand prize winners,
Zoo Tribe finna take the trophy
Wreck shit give me migraine, stop, pause, I need
Tylenol, Codeine
Extra-strength kill the pain quick ??? light it all in a
flame
Let it burn, let that be a lesson learned, turn
Back toward the ghetto,
had to blast past the last level to get respect earned
I received my diploma for bein no joke, no baloner
Just to let you know when you walk upon a professional
microphoner
Rap creature, the Zoo keepers execute the beats
featured
Transmittin signals through your stereo, thumpin
through your speakers
I have to force the toys, not the boys
Makin all that irritatin noise
Your forbidden styles ain't allowed
Drop the mic, nigga, watch out
Tell them suckers they gotta bail, no entourage
personel
Goes beyond this point, funky joint, toxic, chemical
smells
Modern-day technology cuts like biology
Retire you and your co-workers, nothin personal, just
company policy

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Threat]

Trace you like when the feds be lookin for ya
Cause groups to catch paranoia
You can hear a 100 footsteps mobbin, that's the Zoo
Tribe warriors
Shoot ya with a rhyme from the past and sendin it to
the future
When I wreck to play Rock Steady, you can barely beat
the computer
Circle like the drive-through, pull up your automobile
and park
Excuse me, ma'am,

would you like to purchase some fresh produce we call
the bomb?
Sick shiznit, fertilize the beat, get it pregnant
But that's another episode of another whole entirely
different segment
I'm zoooin, crocodiles bite my styles chewin
Their style is played out, old, rusty, dusty, ancient,
ruined

(Cause I'm a gangster and you're not)

[CHORUS]

[OUTRO: Tray Deee]
Stompin for eternal with my nigga
The Mister Deadly Threat
And y'all know who I am
The Original Gangsta Deee
And that's how we doin it
From '97 to eternity

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